

"WE'LL RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG"

ARE WE MODERN AMERICANS any less patriotic than our forefathers? I must confess that I have several times recently asked myself that question. I am a son of the American Revolution; I like the spirit of that organization; I like mingling with the true sons of patriot stock in that way;—and so, frankly, I have been a little worried by what seemed to me a lack of patriotic enthusiasm among the people I know, at this critical time.



From hill, from plain, from farm-yard—I could see them coming to rally 'round the old flag.

But last night the question was answered for me—and to my entire satisfaction. I learned that patriotism glows as warmly today as in the troublous times of '61, or the stirring days of 1776. It happened like this:—

Our card club met last night at our house. There were eight couples—eight typical American business men, and their wives. We stopped playing, as usual, at eleven, and had refreshments. Then I sat down, also as usual, at my PIANOLA, for a little music. Sometimes I play for them to dance; sometimes popular pieces which most of us men, and some of the women, like to sing.

Last night, however, I didn't ask what they wanted. I selected the music myself—just one roll. It was a medley, called, "Bugle Calls and War Songs."

What is there about the call of a bugle, I wonder that stirs one's heart so? The clear notes of the "First Call for Assembly" hushed all conversation, and we, guests and host alike, waited listening, in silence.

"OH, SAY CAN YOU SEE BY THE DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT?"

Soft at first, but gradually louder, braver, more majestic, rolled forth the magnificent chords of "The Star Spangled Banner." The wonderful melody surged over me, rushed into my heart, and leaped through my pulses—and I waited with the imprisoned poet for the tale that the dawn should tell.



Through the broad streets of Richmond the army of the Shenandoah was sweeping.

"TIS THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER! OH, LONG MAY IT WAVE! O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

There was a stir from my audience and almost a sigh, at the close—and I knew that the deep emotion in my breast was shared by true American hearts about me.

Now, brisk, bracing, up trilled the summons of the "Reveille," the strings of the pianoforte catching the spirit of the bugle calls so cleverly that its realism was startling. From the corner of my eye, I saw several of the men lean forward with interest.

"YES, WE'LL RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG. BOYS, WE'LL RALLY ONCE AGAIN: SHOUTING THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM!"

From hill, from plain, from farm-yard and office-stool, I could see them coming—hurrying, crowding, eagerly pressing forward to rally 'round the old flag.

The spirit of the music bore me out of myself; and I was living the life of the nation—our nation—with a thrill of pride in the thought.

And then, as the air changed, suddenly I was with Sherman, "Marching Through Georgia." The quick, inspiring marching-tune set my head to swaying and my feet to beating time with the music.

Again the liquid-bugle calls. There sounded the "Call to Quarters." Gray dusk closed down over the camp in the valley; while still hundreds and thousands marched in to quarters after the day's fatiguing advance.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching . . ." The resonant instrument chanted the old marching-song with a tenderness that gripped me.

On they came, thousands of dusty, tired, but unconquerable lads—the pick of the land bound to defend it to the finish—coming in among the gleaming camp-fires—tumbling down to sleep.

And "Taps," tender, caressing, silver-sweet, hushed the great camp to rest.

"I WISH I WAS IN DE LAND OB COTTON."

Like a fresh breeze from the hills, the gay melody lifted and carried me to the Southland. Instead of the Blue I saw the Gray.

"DEN I WISH I WAS IN DIXIE! HOORAH! HOORAH!"

Through the broad streets of Richmond, the army of the Shenandoah, was swinging, on its way to the beleaguered front. Lean and threadbare they were, these veteran troops of the great Confederate leader, but on their faces and in their hearts burned the indomitable American

Spirit that knows no boundary lines of sectionalism, and bids all attempted foreign tyrannism to BEWARE.

Several people stirred. But out of the pianoforte of enchantment danced then the lively strains of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Once more the thousands of marching men, but now they are passing down the wide avenues of the Capital City—sweeping before the big, kindly President, with whom they "rallied 'round the flag." Their duty done, they were going back to the abandoned tasks. There was a bigger thrill in that! That was the higher patriotism.



Passing down the wide avenues of the capital city—their duty done.

I was deeply moved; and from the tense silence behind me came one or two sounds which told that the message of the music had reached home for some of my guests as well.

With a sudden inspiration, I rapidly re-rolled the music to the beginning, and with a choked breath and moist eyes, of which I was unashamed, repeated the stately anthem to which all true American heads are bared.

As the last chord sounded, I turned—every member of the circle was standing; on every face was the look that I had longed to see—the look which visages the spirit that our mighty country need but feel, to turn aggression forever from its shores.

I was satisfied. If years of peace, of unparalleled business development have absorbed us, true patriotism lurks close beneath the surface needing but the touch of inspiration to fan it into flame. In my heart of hearts I knew that the awakening of the little circle about me was but typical of the larger awakening that would as readily come to millions upon millions of other true Americans should occasion ever impel it.

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From the earliest days of history men's pulses have beat more quickly and men's eyes have looked higher with the stir of music in their hearts. The love of music is not an acquisition. All are born with it as surely as all are born with emotions—for music is but the "language of emotion."

To be enabled to give audible expression to emotion—to feel constantly the inspiration of great and good music in the daily affairs of life, is of inestimable value. And as no less an authority than Ignace Jan Paderewski has said, to thus bring the blessings of music within the reach of everyone, "the Pianola is undoubtedly the most perfect and really great medium."



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